Kangaroo Hunting Is Thrilling and Dangerous Sport

Novice in Australia's Wildest Pastime Describes Perilous Chase on Horseback and Finish Fight of Dog Against "Boomer"

By CLARENCE E. BOSWORTH.

AWAY out in the Australian bush, where the ants build hills eight feet high, where grass grows on trees, where several species of the birds have no wings, and where some of the animals have more than two-thirds of their being in their hindquarters, some of the wildest, most thrilling sport is furnished by chasing on horseback the "old man," red or boomer kangaroo.

It is the favorite sport of the Australian bushman. While in Australia as United States Trade Commissioner investigating, among other things, the origin of the leather which produces kangaroo shoes, I had an opportunity to see some of this stock on the hoof, so to speak, and actually to run it down.

On account of the great distance, the exclusiveness of the sport and the consequent peril in which the rider finds himself, only a very few Americans have indulged in this sport, which is without doubt as wild and thrilling as is to be found anywhere in the world.

With a Premier Horseman.

West Australia's premier horseman is J. Douglas Paterson, son of the Hon. William Paterson, who held that position until his advanced years forced him to yield the palm to his strapping son, whose riding would shame a Centaur. It was with him that I rode through the Australian bush at breakneck speed and brought to earth the raw material for ten pairs of the finest footwear that ever graced a woman's foot.

Our hunt was staged in the woods of the Paterson station or ranch at Pinjarra, where are raised the rams and ewes and their sons and daughters which have won for the owners of "Creaton" enough champion ribbons to cover one whole wall of the spacious office. The first, second and third prize ribbons are valued so little at "Creaton" that the Patersons stow them away up in the attic in empty jam tins.

On the morning of the hunt, after preliminaries had been attended to, our party of five started out. It included Paterson, mounted on as pretty a white faced thoroughbred mare as any horse lover would want to see; young Angus, on a beautifully turned Timor pony nearly as fast through the bush as any of our horses; Alf, on a Brumby (a native wild horse), was leading the dog, a crossbred greyhound; Captain Hughes, a Canadian deep water skipper, doing remarkably well on a specially chosen quiet mare, and I was well up above all of them on a roan thoroughbred standing nearly seventeen hands. She could run like a deer and jump like one, too, as I found out later.

We had ridden perhaps half a mile from the house when a great iguana, fully six feet long, skirted down the trail ahead of us for all the world like an alligator on land fleeing from the wrath to come. In fact, I thought it was some kind of alligator and gave chase just to see it hustle in a series of great leaps with its short legs wiggling frantically even when the thing was in the air. With a smile of relief the big lizard dived down an embankment and disappeared. A few moments more and we were at the edge of the bush. Here we pulled up for instructions and they were much needed, for two of us in the party were Jackaroos, or the tenderest of tender feet, in the matter of kangaroo chasing.

"Now we'll be in kangaroo territory in another fifty yards," said Paterson. "Alf, you work over there with the dog, fifty yards to my right. Angus, you get fifty yards beyond Alf. Box, you ride fifty yards to my left, and you, Captain, ride fifty yards to his left. Keep fan shape in your line; don't talk; don't call out if you see a boomer; just whistle."

"Then what?" I asked, for ahead of us was the queerest looking country to ride a horse in I ever saw. There were big gum trees, big and little ant hills, black boys (a queer tree with frowzy, grasslike top instead of branches and leaves), and, as I found out later, dry and wet creeks, thickets, iron stone, soft sinking sand and just plain earth and grass under foot.

I had a sort of impression that the kangaroo were down in a paddock feeding like a lot of cows and just waiting to be chased. They had told me they were "down in the paddock," but this country ahead of us didn't look like any paddock I had ever seen. But a paddock in Australia is any fenced in piece of land and may contain anything from one or two acres to a quarter of a million—the largest I know of personally, but they tell me there are larger ones. The one we were in then had 600 acres in it and is looked upon as one of the smaller paddocks.

"Why, then," answered Paterson, "you ride hell for leather after the boomer and the dog until we ride the boomer down."

"Oh!" was all I said, but I thought a lot. How stupid of me not to think of running a perfectly good horse full tilt through a country that we in Eastern America wouldn't even ride a horse through at a walk if we could help it. Even then I was pretty sure we must break through that bush into open country, so I spread out with the rest and—the hunt was on.

We hadn't gone a hundred yards when Paterson let out a shrill whistle and away he went. I got a glimpse of something reddish followed by a dark streak; this was the boomer and the dog, and then Paterson's white shirt darting in and out among the trees for just an instant, and I was alone. The bush is so thick here that a horseman less than a hundred yards away is out of sight. My mare started in pursuit, but wow!—was *I* supposed to ride a good horse through country like that, especially another man's horse?

I pulled up, thought it over for just a second and decided that must be the programme. So away we went—but not far, no, not far. I tried to handle the horse in the bush as I would a bridle path mount and it didn't work. She made straight for a big gum tree, at least I thought she did, and I pulled her to the right of it with all my might. She fought to go to the left, Australian style. I had just a shade the better of the argument and we hit the gum just enough to unbalance the mare and do a flip-flop.

In the Mazes of the Bush.

It was beautifully done, too, considering lack of rehearsals, for neither of us was hurt and we scrambled to our feet with all our wind in us. I had a dim impression of having lost a few teeth but found that they were only the odd pieces of my broken pipe stem in my mouth. My glasses were still on my nose. The mare had a bit the better of the recovery and got away before I could catch her. Just then Hughes rode up and I borrowed his horse and went in pursuit.

Now the Australian bush is a poor place for a new chum to ram around in by himself. Even experienced bushmen get lost frequently, and it is not seldom that they get lost forever. There are no landmarks. Whichever way you go or look it is all the same. But even though I had heard all this I thought it a poor woodsman who couldn't catch a horse that had wandered off a little way and get back to the starting point. Besides, she was another man's horse and I didn't want him to lose her on my account. So off I rode in the general direction and was surprised to see how little trail she left. This is another peculiarity of the bush. I rode this way and that for fifteen minutes and then came across her quietly feeding off the top of a black boy. Now to get back.

I judged that I had made two sides of a triangle in the chase and would save time by cutting across its base to the starting point. I rode a distance which I thought surely would bring me somewhere near the waiting Captain, coo-oo-ed and whistled, but got no answer. Riding a little further I called again with no better result. Believing in safety first, I doubled back on the trail the two horses had made, picking up my single trail after some difficulty and doubled back upon it. In a few moments more I was back with the rest, who were much concerned as to my safety.

Their congratulations on my wandering about the bush after a loose horse and returning safely without aid were hearty. All they care about are men. During my private session they had captured the kangaroo, a fair sized boomer, and Alf and Angus brought it back to us. Then we resumed the hunt.

This time we rode for a good half mile before putting up another. We were just at the edge of a dry creek when we stirred up one quite a distance beyond. The country here was a bit more open, so we took the creek with a flying leap. Alf freed the dog from the leash and we all got away in a fair run. The dog pushed this fellow pretty hard and he started to double back, saw us and made for a clump of trees over at the left. My mare actually sulked when I held her in to let the others pass, for I had decided to make this run easy to get the hang of bush riding. Hearing the others shout I saw Paterson's white shirt cutting a half circle around me, and I, forgetting prudence, put spurs to the mare to get abreast of him.

Alf and Angus dashed in from other directions, and there in just a bit of a clearing among the gums and black boys we saw the dog grab the boomer at the base of the tail. Round and round they went until the 'roo stopped. Quick as a flash the dog jumped for the boomer's neck but missed. Up against a tree backed the "old man" before the dog could grab him, and, tripoding himself up on tail and hind legs, prepared to fight.

The dog would back away and then rush in as if really to attack, but the wily kangaroo dog knows better, for in the long toe of that three toed hind foot the 'roo has a wicked weapon. It is efficient enough to rip dog or man from throat to pelvis. So the dog would whirl and face his prey at a safe distance. Walking back and forth, much as a dog does before a cat, with eyes glistening and every muscle aquiver, the dog kept the boomer balled up, and we watched. Several times the 'roo's hind leg shot out, but fortunately the dog was too quick.

After one of these wicked slashes, and

New Rider in the Game Gets In at the Kill Despite Being Thrown and Losing Himself in Trackless Bush

while the dog was recovering from a spring aside, the 'roo broke from bay and started to run. This was his fatal mistake, for in a flash the dog had him by the neck and down they came. Those wicked hind legs whipped out in vicious slashes, but the dog's body was well out beyond the 'roo and they did no damage. I jumped off my horse and tried to get an action picture, but when I snapped the 'roo had his legs almost at right angles to his body and in the picture looks quite harmless. The gleam in the dog's eyes belies the 'roo's position, however. A moment or two more and the dog's powerful jaws had crushed every bone from skull to shoulder—and we had another tail to our credit.

Just Dog Against Boomer.

This kill showed me the eminent fairness of the sport. No guns, knives or traps—just dog against boomer, and riding through such country at whirlwind speed gives the rider quite as much chance of getting killed as getting kangaroo. But the quickness and intelligence of the well trained bush horse makes the sport comparatively safe if you make sure your horse clears trees enough to let your legs by and your head under.

We got four boomers and one brush kangaroo during the day, but the one we got just after lunch gave us the best run of the lot. First a word about the tucker. "Tucker" is Australian for anything to eat, from a sandwich to a banquet. Ours was a regular outdoor banquet. Going down into a clearing we built a fire and had two roast chickens and a leg of lamb, two loaves of bread fresh out of the oven that morning, a quart jar of jam and various other things, all of which Peter, the aborigine, had brought over in the wagon for us. All of it for six, and we didn't leave much, either.

After lunch and a bit of rest for the horses we saddled up for the afternoon hunt. We jumped a creek and got into a sort of gum tree grove, fairly free of black boys and ant hills, with a thicket at the right. It was also well grassed, so that our unshod horses made little noise as we rode.

Young Angus on the pony, scampering around somewhere behind the thicket, startled a big boomer just ahead of us. I was just getting ready to take a picture of the riders ahead of me when this fellow popped up out of the grass. Before he had risen full height I snapped and got a good picture of him. He heard the camera's click and dashed into the thicket to meet Angus head on coming through it. We rode full tilt after him. Without the slightest warning the 'roo shot up almost under my horse's nose and passed astern in a flying leap.

Down the hill he went toward the creek in a series of tremendous bounds, with all of us after him as hard as we could ride. I put my mare over the creek, up one side and down the other of a little rise, with the 'roo and dog in full flight ahead. Beyond was a maze of black boys and other things I was too busy to identify. Just as I was wondering where the others were I heard a rush, and Alf, Angus and Paterson flew by and my mare gave a tremendous leap over a dry creek which I didn't even see, and we were all into the thick bush again riding hell for leather. That isn't profanity; it's Australian and very descriptive.

A Forty-two Foot Jump.

Through the thicket we went with our horses fairly wallowing in a wild mixture of full speed and stumbling in the sinking, sandy bottom. Up a rise we tore and the dog and boomer swung to the right over a little hill. This was my chance. Urging the mare, I tore after them down the other side and out into a fairly good opening. Fifty yards ahead was a huge fallen log, and behind that more thicket. I pulled to the right to skirt the log, ran through the thicket with my mare making a series of wild leaps, but always landing right side up, and almost abreast of the dog. The leaps were to clear a series of ant hills, hard as concrete, hidden in the brush. I didn't even see them. As the 'roo approached the log he leaped, twisted and hurtled through the air on his side an almost incredible distance. We measured it afterward and from take-off to landing it was just forty-two feet.

Pulling up as quickly as I could I saw the rest headed full speed for the log. How they stopped in time I don't know, but when I got under way again they were ahead of me, going just as fast as they had followed. Back up the hill we went and saw the 'roo run head-on into a fence. Paterson pulled alongside and the dog made a true grab, and one more 'roo was ours.

Tired and satisfied we started for home, and on the way put up a wild boar from a thicket. We had a thrilling, hair-raising battle with him before we had him captured alive. But that is another story.

Weddings on Increase, With Growing Tendency to Marry Younger

By MARTHA COMAN.

Cupid, Defying High Cost of Living, Bids Fair to Make 1920 a Banner Year at License Bureau---Clergyman Warns Against Too Brief Courtship---Modern Flappers Amazingly Sophisticated as Compared to Those of Generation Ago

MATRIMONY, to which the war gave a sudden impetus, has managed to survive succeeding obstacles and is steadily increasing. Survive, in this relation, has no reference to individual unions. The word is used only in the general sense, meaning that matrimony is enjoying as great a vogue as it reached during those troublous times when men in uniform hastily contracted alliances and went overseas, leaving their war brides to fight out their own destiny.

Statistics collected from that greatest marriage market in the world, the Marriage License Bureau in the Municipal Building, show that while the year 1917, when the draft came, topped the list as to numbers of marriage bonds entered into, 1920 has made a flying start, matrimonially speaking, and may surpass the record year.

Youth Does Not Hesitate.

Clergymen interviewed on the subject give it as their observation that there is a great increase in marriage. These men of holy orders concur with the clerks at the Marriage License Bureau in the statement that the average age of the contracting parties is noticeably younger than it was some time ago. All of which goes to show that it is the young who are rushing, thoughtlessly, perhaps, into matrimony.

That old bugaboo, the high cost of living, apparently has failed to check the enthusiasm of the matrimonially inclined. A superficial analysis of conditions would persuade one to believe that when the cost of food has soared more than 100 per cent, the desire for accepting new and larger obligations would cause a man to hesitate before taking the plunge. Notwithstanding this tremendous acceleration given to household accounts, the budget provider is ready to take upon his shoulders the responsibility of feeding and clothing two instead of one.

Ten years ago Manhattan recorded 31,597 marriage licenses issued by the bureau. These figures are for 1909, which year we take for the purpose of making a comparison between then and 1919. In 1919 the same borough issued 40,075 licenses, nearly 10,000 more, or an increase during the decade of almost 33 1-3 per cent.

Credits High Wages.

This increase can be accounted for in part by the constantly growing population, yet Manhattan's added residents have hardly kept pace with its rate of marriages. Then, what does account for it? According to one of City Clerk P. J. Scully's assistants, the demand for licenses is due to higher wages and in spite of higher living cost.

"It's the laborers, who are earning more money, that besiege the bureau," is the explanation offered by Clerk Charles A. Glasser. He was seated in the bureau, his desk facing the throng of license seekers. It was Thursday, the day popular with Italian sweethearts. The outer room was packed with hatless, dusky eyed and dark haired girls and young men of unmistakable Italian features. There were short skirted and smartly hatted girls among the groups at the various windows, girls of more prosperous families and girls who, themselves, were probably earning wages equal to that on which a generation or two ago a workingman felt he could launch his matrimonial career.

Mr. Glasser observed that the number of applications for licenses has continued to increase over the years prior to the draft, but he recalled that the draft year was a very busy year at the office. Realizing that there is to be no cessation in the stream of applicants, unless all signs fail, it has been necessary for the bureau to apply for clerical reenforcements in order to relieve those who have been mustered from every department of the bureau to help out in this one.

Two Hundred on Some Days.

"Sometimes we have from 100 to 200 applicants here in one day," resumed the clerk. "And I wonder where they are going to find homes. The apartment shortage evidently is no deterrent to their matrimonial ventures."

In 1910 the Marriage License Bureau issued 34,647 certificates. This was not quite 3,000 more than the previous year. Then in 1917 the figures jumped to 41,968, the record for a single year so far. The following year the number of licenses issued dropped back to 35,410, barely 1,000 more than for 1910. For the first eight months of 1920—from January 1 to August 31—the number of licenses recorded is 27,700. But as the number is increasing each month the clerks are anticipating a total that will come close to the year of the draft.

The figures for 1918, which show a decrease over the draft year, are easily reconcilable when you think of the more than a million men who had gone overseas or were in camps on this side. Marriages were not being made with the same impetuosity and in such extraordinary numbers as when transports were carrying thousands of troops across the ocean. Matrimony was then left to the more staid members of society who were delegated to do the work at home. Most of these men were older, they had reached the years when to enter into such a formidable alliance required thought and the careful consideration of expenses.

But the impetus given to marriage by the war regained its momentum somewhat upon the return of the soldiers and seamen, and many of those who came back still unwed, eventually to find occupations which provided them with more money than they had earned before donning the uniform, decided to try a double harness venture.

With 27,700 matrimonial knots already recorded in 1920, and a quarter of the year still to pile up licenses, and in view of the fact that the authorities consider October, November and December decidedly busy months on the first floor of the Municipal Building, a fairly good figure will no doubt be set down under the 1920 date.

It costs $1 for a marriage license and $2 to have the marriage ceremony performed by a deputy city clerk, who acts now that City Clerk Scully, who has married more couples than any other person qualified to perform this rite, is temporarily away on account of illness. From May, 1916, to August, 1920, 76,422 marriages were celebrated by the City Clerk's office.

The average age of the young men and women who apply for licenses, some of whom are married in the Municipal Building, is from 23 to 26 for the men and 19 to 22 for the girls, according to Mr. Glasser. During the draft year the average age was somewhat younger. Yet the last year has shown a remarkable number of young persons going to the altar, young persons of every nationality—American, Italian, Jewish, Hungarian, Rumanian and representatives of all the other foreign countries which make New York the greatest melting pot in the world.

The Saturday Rush.

"Come over some Saturday morning," advised Mr. Glasser, "if you want to see a really busy time. That's the great Jewish day for getting married, and as it's a half holiday with us we do a rushing business. Sometimes we issue more marriage licenses from 9 to 12 o'clock than we do in a week day, when the bureau is open until 4 o'clock."

A woman, who is observant and who has given some thought to the subject of the number of recent marriages contemplated from the point of view of finance, declared it as her opinion that the high cost of living has nothing whatever to do with such alliances. She said that, on the contrary, the higher wages had helped along the matrimonial wave. The cost of living, she remarked, had really not affected most people because their incomes, if they were wage earners, had more than kept pace with their expenses.

Flappers Becoming Sophisticated.

She, too, had observed that the average age of the young man and young woman who marry now is under the age of the same groups a decade or even half a decade ago. We are going back to a couple of generations past when girls and boys married in their teens and began to rear families. Only the flapper of to-day is quite a different sort of person from her grandmother. The girl of sixteen or eighteen or even twenty who lived half a century ago was far less sophisticated than the flapper of to-day. The flapper is a wise young person and her aim in life, next to wearing good clothes and looking as much like a French fashion photograph as she can, is to get married.

The girl of another group living a quarter of a century ago went in for higher education, and her thoughts were more on the serious issues of life. She takes the education now, but with it she acquires a knowledge of life that is vastly broader than girls of her age were supposed to acquire. Whether this makes for happy unions or not time will tell.

It is worth while noting that the divorce records of the favorite State of the unhappily wed show that nearly half of the divorces granted in Reno during the last year were those of war brides. If Manhattan alone issued more than 41,000 marriage licenses, other boroughs and other States must have issued a proportionately large number. And as there is always a certain amount of this matrimonial grist feeding the Reno divorce mill, it is not at all surprising that these figures from the Western State are astonishingly large.

No pastor has performed a greater number of marriages, perhaps, than the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton of Calvary Baptist Church. Dr. Straton is of the opinion that marriages have been increasing in number, and he also agreed with other authorities that the average age of the young men and young women who come to him to have their marriage solemnized is younger than it was a few years ago.

Love Finds a Way.

"Love will find a way," commented Dr. Straton when asked to give his views on the subject. "No matter if a beefsteak does cost $9 the young people are going to marry and try to provide the necessaries of life. My observations—and I have given the matter some thought lately—are that courtships are much shorter to-day and marriages are more hurried. That may be one reason for the number of divorces.

"Conditions of former days, when our population was not so congested, when there were more houses and few apartments and when similar conditions existed throughout the country, were far more normal and sane than now. In the other days there was opportunity for companionship. Many young men and young women were thrown together at social gatherings, especially in church life, and they had an opportunity to know each other.

"Now we are in such a tremendous rush that it has affected matrimony as it has everything else. We have everything but canned weddings. We have canned music and we have canned food, and we have two room flats instead of a home. These conditions of modern life have affected courtship and marriage and I think affected it with a profoundly detrimental influence.

"I used to live in the South, where life was sweet and there were many pleasant social doings. There were picnics, straw rides, social gatherings and festivals at the church, where all was wholesome and normal and fine. There was a great deal of courting to and from the church, and even in the church," he added with a smile.

"In contrast to that to-day we have courting done on the fly, and some of it is very fly courting, too. It is done in connection with the rush of business, even.

"Now, then, we've got to slow down. That's my voice crying in the wilderness of New York. We've got to slow down. The race is too fast and it's time to slow down when we come to the vital point of matrimony.

"I never marry a couple but that I give them a little kindly advice. I have had such a happy married life myself that when I see others who are going to be married I always advise them to guard against the little troubles and the big ones will take care of themselves. I am an advocate of marriage."

Shakespeare's Van Cortlandt Garden Full of 'Idle Weeds'

By AGNES D. CAMP.

Park Visitor Laments Absence of Flowers Upon Which the Bard Laid Stress

IN visiting Shakespeare's Garden in Van Cortlandt Park in late summer one expects to find many of the flowers going to seed, but one may, with reason, hope to find tardy floral arrivals on many of the plants. One has visions of sweet williams, "the luscious woodbine," musk rose, wild thyme, eglantine, "honeysuckles, ripened by the sun," and hawthorn. The latter, of course, would have no late flowers, but should be brilliant with the red haws.

"Things growing are not ripe until their season," the immortal bard tells us, and so we do not look for the holly. Neither can the mistletoe greet us, but surely a friendly oak will be near with outstretched branches to support its hereditary dependent over the obstacles, of which the mistletoe is the emblem.

Shakespeare's Garden I had conceived to be a sort of square design, with, perhaps, a low symmetrical bush of fragrant lavender in one corner, bearing a few late purple flowers, and many earlier blossoms turned to seeded spikes ready to shed their sweet scent in the clothes press. In another corner I thought would be seen a tall, spiral shrub of rosemary, "for remembrance," and revered by the ancients as the emblem of fidelity.

And why should not one look in another corner for a rather scrawny bush of Southern wood, blending its unusual balm with the wild thyme in a straggly bed opposite? And surely the somewhat wayward sweetbriar ought to assert itself somewhere, perhaps in the centre of the garden, where a stick and a strip of cloth would hold its wilful branches within bounds.

These are some of the plants one might dream of finding in Shakespeare's Garden in Van Cortlandt Park, but what I really found, to quote the bard again, was "an unweeded garden that grows to seed, things rank and gross." I scarcely expected to find crow flowers, nettles, rank fumiter, burdock, hemlock, furrow weeds and darnel, nor did I find them, but I found in great abundance other "idle weeds that grow in our sustaining corn." If the long purples (Lythrum) that Ophelia carried to her watery grave, of which Prof. Darwin wrote to Dr. Grey many years later, "I am stark, staring mad over Lythrum," were conspicuous by their absence, the assertive golden rod and that hoary old roadsider, the evening primrose, were very much in evidence.

I could have forgone the "ounce of civet to sweeten our imaginations" could I but have found one daisy, emblem of innocence; or a few pansies, "for thought." I searched in vain for rue, "for you, and some for me." Peonies, larkspurs, marigolds and oxlip grew in my memories only, for not a plant was visible. The entire garden was overrun with phlox, which in turn was besieged by a gorgeous array of butterflies. There were so many it was easy to recognize among them the Papilio ajax, Anosia plexippus and Papilio asterias.

The grass around the flower beds was beautifully green and the privet border was well cared for, but there was nothing else but a bust of Shakespeare mounted on a bright brick post. On account of the red bricks and white strips of mortar the pedestal looked more like a Santa Claus chimney than a monument to the immortal bard. It was the only evidence that I was in Shakespeare's Garden.

"Thees flowers are like the pleasures of the world," I quoted, and hailed a passing gardener. He told me that on account of the scarcity of labor the garden had been neglected this year. He explained that a few plants had been there early in the season, but "because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste," the plants, being principally herbaceous, had been outrun in their race for a place in the sun. I told the man that I expected to find at least the leaves of the "pale primrose," "the azur'd harebell," "a leaf of eglantine" or some "rosemary for remembrance."

The gardener said that a small sprig of rosemary was being nursed in the greenhouse on the other side of the park, but he shook his head when I mentioned sweet marjoram, fennel, basil and columbine.

I bade a sad farewell to Shakespeare's Garden, with a devout hope that the bed of weeds "may prove a beauteous flower garden when next we meet."

St. Clair's Part in the Royal Rifles

MISS ARDA ST. CLAIR RORISON of New York, on reading of the gift or loan of the colors of the King's Royal Rifles (1756) to the Chapel at Governors Island, published in THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD September 5, wrote that she felt "as though I had found a battle flag under which I had myself fought."

The reason for her special interest is one of inheritance; her great-great-great-grandfather, Major-Gen. Arthur St. Clair, having been an ensign in the Sixtieth Regiment of Foot, Royal Americans, first called the King's Royal Rifles. The interesting biography of Major-Gen. St. Clair, in which the beginning of his military career in this regiment was narrated, was published in THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD of May 23, 1920.

In his biography of St. Clair, published with "The St. Clair Papers," by William Henry Smith, the author says:

"After the death of his mother, in 1756-57, St. Clair obtained an Ensign's commission in the Sixtieth, or Royal American, Regiment of Foot. (Note.—The Royal American Regiment was projected by the Duke of Cumberland. It consisted of four battalions of 1,000 men each. The First and Second battalions, which were the most noted, were commanded respectively by Moncton and Lawrence. In 1758 Major-Gen. Amherst was appointed Commander in Chief of all the forces in America and Colonel of the Sixtieth Regiment. St. Clair was in the Second battalion.)

"The commission bears date May 13, 1757, so that St. Clair was about 23 years of age when he entered the military service of the King of Great Britain.

"On May 28, 1758, St. Clair arrived with Amherst before Louisburg. There were gathered here men soon to become famous, and Ensign St. Clair was offered an opportunity to study the art of war on the most active field. With such men as Wolfe and Moncton, Murray and Lawrence there was little chance for idleness, while the martial spirit ever displayed by them was calculated to stir a youth to deeds of emulation.

"St. Clair was commended by his superior officers for his part in the affair of Louisburg and was promoted to Lieutenant, commission dated April, 1759. It was his good fortune to be assigned to the command of Gen. Wolfe in the campaign to reduce Quebec."